

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL 1.

WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1853.

NO. 10.

PROSPECTUS OF THE DAILY EVENING STAR.

The undersigned proposes to publish, so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained to justify the undertaking, a daily afternoon paper, to be called "The Daily Evening Star."

"The Star" is designed to supply a desideratum which has long existed at the Metropolis of the nation. Free from party trammels and sectarian influences, it will preserve a strict neutrality, and, whilst maintaining a fearless spirit of independence will be devoted, in an especial manner, to the local interests of the beautiful city which bears the honored name of Washington, and to the welfare and happiness of the large and growing population within its borders. To develop the resources of the Metropolis—to increase and facilitate its mercantile operations—to foster and encourage its industrial pursuits—to stimulate its business and trade—to accelerate its progress in the march to power and greatness—these shall be the main objects of the paper.

"The Star" will also beam forth intelligence from all sections of the country, by telegraph and mail, and give it in a form so condensed as not to render it necessary to sift a bushel of chaff before finding a grain of wheat. The articles, editorial and selected, will be brief, varied, and sprightly. Nothing shall be admitted into its columns offensive to any religious sect or political party—nothing, in a moral point of view, to which even the most fastidious might object. It is the determination of the publisher to make it a paper which will be a welcome visitor to every family, and one which may be perused not only with pleasure, but with profit.

The editorial department will be under the direction of a gentleman of ability and tact.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Subscribers served by the carriers at six cents a week, payable weekly. To mail subscribers \$4 a year; \$2 for six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

In order to prevent persons having but a few lines to advertise paying an extravagant rate, the following schedule will be adopted:

For six lines or less.	For twelve lines or less.
1 insertion \$0.25	1 insertion \$0.50
2 " 37½	2 " 75
3 " 50	3 " 1.00
1 week 75	1 week 1.50
2 " 1.00	2 " 2.00
3 " 1.50	3 " 2.50
4 " 2.00	4 " 3.00

JOSEPH B. TATE.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, responding to the repeated and urgent expressions of eminent and judicious persons in various sections of the country, have decided to commence on the first of January, 1853, an entirely original Periodical, under the above title.

It is intended to combine the lighter characteristics of a popular magazine with the higher and graver qualities of a quarterly review, filling a position hitherto unoccupied in our literature.

While attractive variety for the general reader is thus obtained, there will be an attempt to secure substantial excellence in each department.

To accomplish this we intend that the work in all its mechanical and business aspects shall be such as will meet the views of our most distinguished writers, such a medium as they would seek for in communicating with the world, and such as may tempt some to write ably and profitably who have not hitherto contributed to periodicals.

We intend that all articles admitted into the work shall be liberally paid for.

We believe there is ample material exists for such a work; that there is no lack either of talent among our writers or of appreciation on the part of the reading public; and that a properly conducted periodical of this kind may bring to light much true genius as yet undeveloped.

"Putnam's Monthly" will be devoted to the interests of literature, science, and art—in their best and pleasiest aspects.

Entirely independent of all merely selfish interests, of partisan or sectional leanings, in its management, it will be open to competent writers for free discussion of such topics as are deemed important and of public interest.

The critical department will be wholly independent of the publishers, and as far as possible, of all personal influence or bias. Wholesome castigations of public men will be allowed a fair field without fear or favor.

An elevated national tone and spirit, American and independent, yet discriminating and just, both to the literature and to the social condition and prospects of both hemispheres, will be cultivated as a leading principle of the work.

Special attention will be given to matters connected with social policy, municipal regulations, public health and safety, and the practical economies of everyday life.

While a subject needs illustration, or pictorial example such illustrations will be occasionally given; but it is not expected that the success of the work is to depend on what are termed "embellishments."

The following, among many others, have expressed their hearty approval of the plan, and will all give it their general co-operation, while nearly all of them will be contributors to the work:

Washington Irving, Prof. Lieber, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Esq.
Nathl. Hawthorne, R. B. Kimball, \$3 per annum, or 25 cents per number. Terms
Fitz Green Halleck, R. B. Kimball, &c., will be given in separate circulars.
Rev. Dr. Hawks, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Warner, &c.
Hon. Geo. Bancroft, Hon. E. G. Squier, Prof. Henry Reed,
Rev. Dr. Robinson, D. G. Mitchell, W. C. Bryant,
Prof. B. Silberman, Jr., E. P. Whipple, Miss Cooper,
Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. Orville Dewey,
Rev. E. H. Chapin, Miss Sedgwick,
Prof. Gillespie, Geo. Sumner, &c., &c.

G. P. PUTNAM & CO.,
10 Park Place, New York.

PUTNAM'S POPULAR LIBRARY is still continuing semi-monthly. dec 14—

DAILY EVENING STAR.

NELLIE LANE.

There was a new arrival in L—. A young man of gentlemanly appearance and genteel address, alighted from his stage coach and announced his intention to remain a few months in the town. The gentleman gave no reason for so doing; he never hinted his occupation, never asked if he could procure work. He paid his bill every Saturday night without a murmur. What, who was he? The fat landlady had intimated that she thought he was young. The gentleman stared and left the room. The consequence was that Mrs. Hobbs talked herself into a hoarse cold; she was sure "he wan't eny-buddy to act so, she knew."

Now, Mrs. Hobbs was one of those wonderfully gifted persons who always knows every one's business except her own. The town of L— was well provided with such characters. They made the life of the place. And if you got a goodly number congregated in one town, just stop up the key-holes of your drawers, or else they'll see a love letter in one corner. Don't wear your neck chain, if you do sharp eyes may see a gentleman's portrait appended to it. If you walk out with your father, they'll ask "how many yards you put in a sheet?"

But a few days passed ere Mrs. Hobbs told Miss Jones that the "feller's name was Mordant Gray, and that he was going with Nellie Lane, and she knew he'd have her." For once Mrs. Hobbs told the truth—that his name was Mordant Gray—that he had asked the hand of Nellie Lane in marriage and had been refused by her father and accepted by Nellie Gray, every one knew.

Nellie was lovely, and the pet and pride of her aged parents. They loved her too well to yield her to the care and keeping of one they knew nothing definitely about. But Nellie loved; she asked no questions 'twas enough for her that he loved her in return. 'Twas enough, and so she left her father's house, and went, she knew not where, with Mordant Gray.

Mr. Lane grew very pale, and his hand trembled as he turned the key to Nellie's room; and Mrs. Lane gave her harp into the hands of a stranger. From that hour her name was never mentioned. There fell a silence o'er the old house; a silence such as death leaves. They heard from Nellie but once, and then she was the star of the fashionable circle.

The old man did not curse his child, he remembered that she had nestled to his bosom, even as she now nestled to another's; that her white hand had rested on his brow, or twined the silver hair in many a massive curl; he said she was his child yet, no matter for the rest.

It is better to bless than curse. It matters not how deeply you are wronged, curses do no good. They will meet you in after years; they will rise up at every step, whispering, "if ye had blessed the wrong would not have fallen." There will come a memory of sunny eyes that have met yours in trustfulness; of small hands clasping thine in confidence; of red lips, which spoke, it may be, love vows. Curse them not, though those eyes looked inquiry; the hands worked it; the lips spake it. Curse not, I say, though they blight your life prospects. Bless, and the sun glideth through the clouds; curse, and the temperature lowers.

Not many weeks after Nellie's departure, they bore her mother to the grave.

'Twas a year after Mrs. Lane's death that one clear, cold night, Mr. Lane sat by the fireside, his clasped hand resting on the old Bible, and his voice raised in prayer.

He did not hear the door open; he saw no one enter, until a muffled form stood by his side.

"Father! father! father!"

The thick veil fell back, leaving exposed the wan, white face of Nellie Lane.

The old man started to his feet. He pushed back the matted curls and peered earnestly into that face. He opened his arms, "My Nellie!" and she lay sobbing on his bosom. Setting her beside him, he asked her history. It was short but full of agony.

True to his promise, on their arrival in New York, Mordant made her his wife. He was very wealthy, and they entered into the highest circles. She was very happy; he gratified her slightest wish. They went one night to the opera. A new star made her appearance in the musical world. When she ascended the stage, Nellie observed Mordant grow pale. She asked the cause, he replied, "Nothing!"

The following morning as Nellie sat reading in her boudoir, a servant ushered in the singer of the night before.

"Is your name Nellie Gray?" she asked.

"It is," was the reply.

"Lady, will you listen calmly to me?" asked the stranger, laying her hand on Nellie's arm.

Nellie said "yes."

"Are you his wife?" she whispered compressing her lips.

"I am," Nellie trembled, she knew not why.

"Wedded?"

"What mean you, madam? You are a stranger?"

"What mean I? He has deceived you. You are not lawfully wedded. I am his wife, married not two years ago, in Spain. See."

As she spoke, she laid before the grief-stricken Nellie the marriage certificate of the marriage of Mordant Gray to Iona Gonzales. Nellie did not faint. She left the house in company with Iona, and sought her parents.

"Father, tell me, am I thy child yet? May Iona—"

"Yes, my own forever. Let the stranger come."

As he spoke the door opened and Iona entered. She was very beautiful—the dark, dazzling beauty of Spain.

She refused to tell her past life, and Mr. Lane pressed her not. He was happy with his child, happy with the stranger.

CHAPTER II.

Hush! bend reverently. The White Angel hath been busy. Shadowy fingers have pressed the white brow and sealed the fountain head of life. The death banner waves over a broken band. The young beloved hath been bidden to the feast. Lo! she goeth, and who shall stay her step.

Sleep, young slumberer, in the still rest. The music of thy childhood has not echoed along thy path. There are stains and marks on the harp, the rich gilding is dimmed by tears.

Sleep Nellie!

List! amany form bends o'er the coffin. He has come at the bidding of death. He lifts his head and meets the gaze of flashing eyes. The intruder is a woman tall and graceful.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, "Mordant Gray, you here. Hast come to exult over the innocent form of your victim? Nay, ye need not shrink, my eyes are not like hers, that ye cannot meet them. Look at her if you will. She makes one more on thy list of victims, one more, for whose every hour of anguish, ye shall reap years of woe. Go! speak not!"

He did go, and there rung after him a peal of laughter, so wild and exulting, that it thrilled his very soul with fear.

Let him go, as others of his cast go, while his brow is branded, his heart marked, his very soul black with perjury; the shutting out of sunshine; the rendering of the name of Virtue, a curse to young, glad hearts; the giver of the innocent to a life of more than damning agony; the destroyer of household harmony; the messenger of woe in many a merry home; he, who, at the tribunal of God, shall answer for the souls they have corrupted.

Let him go, with the memory of a wronged and disgraced maiden, a deserted wife to follow him. Go, Mordant Gray, but a wan-wasted face shall mirror in the depths of thy wine cup, cold icy hands touch thine at every turn. In the night hours, a white shadowy form shall stand by thy couch, asking for that ye took but cannot return. From the pages of thy book, in the flower's cup eyes peer into thine, dark and gleaming. Soft, blue eyes, which the death veil has hid, look up to you in every place, dim eyes of the long departed. The footsteps of the living leave their impress in thy path, and her voice echoes far above the sounds of revelry. There is no rest for thee. In the shrieking wind gust, 'mid the patter of the rain, comes the voices of two, demanding their right.

The wronged, betrayed, degraded!

MECHANICS' BANK, GEORGETOWN.

THIS INSTITUTION is now doing a General Banking Business. Office under the Union Hotel, corner Bridge and Washington streets, Georgetown, (D. C.) where its notes will be redeemed in specie.

F. W. CONNELL, Cashier.

GEORGETOWN, (D. C.) 1852.

AN ARRIVAL AT BROWN'S HOTEL.

Just received from the manufactory of Wm. L. McCauley, of Baltimore—

One case of Patent Cork-Sole Boots
One case of Double-Sole Boots
One case Dress Boots
For sale at the Fashionable Boot Store of J. MILLS.

[From the Boston Bee.]

MARRIED LIFE.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following was picked up on Post Office Avenue, a few days since. We beg pardon of the writer for making it public, but it is so seldom that so much truth is contained in a letter, that we thought it too good for the private perusal of one individual only.]

Boston, December 8th, 1852.

My dear Joe:

If you remember or can recall the sensation you experienced, (as you have undoubtedly experienced it) when a boy, of finding in the pocket of some cast-off vest, restored to your back for a single rainy day, if you can remember, I say dear Jo, the joy that crept through your youthful veins at finding hid beneath the lining an odd dime, you may know how gladly I received your letter, and how truly joyful I was at hearing from an old friend whose whereabouts I have for five long years been ignorant of. I believed you dead, dear Jo, and that several times, for every time I read of a steamboat explosion out West, and saw it stated at the bottom of the list of killed, "one young man, name unknown," I thought it more than likely that ere this you must have left things terrestrial for a celestial habitation, and therefore gave up all hopes of ever receiving evidence in writing of your being still among the living.

In fact, Joe, so certain was I that the "unknown man," who is so frequently blown up, out West, was really you, that being in company with a "spiritual medium," I tried to raise your spirit. The rappings did not give any very satisfactory reply. It was then suggested that perhaps you were not dead, and acting upon the hint, I asked if your spirit had arrived in the land of dreams. The alphabet was called for, and a T was distinctly spelt, and no more. This puzzled us, but a little till one present thought it might mean "Can't Always Tell." Whereupon the table moved three feet, and there were other manifestations of approval at this translation by the learned pundit.

I am right glad to hear that the world has served you well. I can truly say the same, and dear Joe, don't start when I tell you that I am a married man; yes "transported for life," for some one says every one is who marries happily. I have had five years experience in wedded life, and I can only advise you, if you ever wish to know what happiness is, to look carefully round, and find the bird, but be sure find the right one, and then spring the trap.

Old bachelors may talk about their comforts—but what are they compared to ours? No more to be compared to them, than is the pleasure of eating a small ice cream on the marble table of a confectioner's back store, to the gratification you experience in eating hot oysters with a pair of red lips right opposite, who can swallow the bivalves, and brighten the heart at the same time, by sweet words.

Forgive me the homely comparison, dear Jo, but ain't it a true one? Married life has its vexations, its griefs and sorrows, as well as single life, but wedded happiness is increased two-fold, and wedded sadness is lessened by being divided by two. I thought, dear Jo, before I was married, that married life was to be a kind of perpetual honeymoon, which summer's heat would not melt and winter's frost would not freeze. I imagined a prolonged Elysium of never-ceasing delights, a procession of happy hours, commencing at the altar, to terminate at the grave—but I have experienced the shallowness of such visions and having prolonged the honeymoon as long as possible, have settled down in the enjoyment of all those stern realities of life which make life after all, truly valuable to us. Yes, Jo, I actually go to market, through I never dieker with the butcher, or apply my olfactory-organ to any fowl or animal, believing that all such generally become nuisance to butchers, and pay more in the end, than those who trust to their honesty. I buy teas and spices, pickles and coffee, and all those sorts of things; but I have not yet adopted that commercial plan, of running round town and wasting two days in tasting different firkins of butter for the purpose of saving a cent a pound, at the expence of many dollars loss by neglect of business. These things I avoid, and I really believe that in the long run the balance will be in my favor. My wife of course is an economical woman in her way. There is one

very good thing about her, she don't experiment in cake making or the concoction of sauces, preserves or rarities. She visits the kitchen about once a day, and that is often enough to see that things are in order, for mark my word, if you choose a wife for her culinary acquirements, it is ten to one, if she don't ruin you, the grocer and the butcher by her excessive fondness for showing her smartness.

It is all very well for young misses to know how to do plain cooking, but these fancy cooks, generally neglect their husband's shirt bosoms and leave sundry other articles not to be mentioned in this letter. The idea is an exploded one, that a young lady before she is qualified to be married, must know by heart Mrs. Putnam's Cook Book. Better by far that she be skilled in hem-stitch, back-stitch, and cross-stitch, for baker's bread is as cheap as home-made, but bought shirts cost \$2.50 each, which is quite an advance on the original cost of cotton, linen, and thread.

Of course, dear Jo, I have not been married five years, without an increase taking place in my family. I have two jolly little fellows. The first boy, whom we call "Bub" still, did, once in a while, make me think that a bachelor's life had some charms, which a married man's had not. It was awful to have one's rest destroyed by the infant Hercules plying his feet like a pair of drum sticks, into the hollow of one's back. It was "trying to one's patience to jump up a dozen times in a cold night to hand Bub a drink of water—it was annoying to have Bub take the whooping cough, then the measles, and finally wind up with the croup, all in the space of three months, and it sometimes tried my temper to see him exercise his strength, by hurling plates on to the floor, and knives into the fire—but I finally became reconciled, and now everything goes happily. Get married, Jo, if you would live like a man—get married, I say—but I have written more than you probably will read, upon a subject of such slight interest to you. My next shall be on a different subject. Reply soon.

Yours as ever,

C. S****.

HOUSEKEEPER'S GOODS.

JOHN M. DONN & BROTHER have just opened and arranged a handsome assortment of Goods suitable for the season, viz:

Parian Marble Goods
Papier Mache and French painted do.
French China and Berlin Iron Goods, as Cups and Saucers, Mugs, Cardstands, and Match Boxes, Dresden China, very handsome, Baskets and Work Boxes, F. table Desks, &c.

PLATED GOODS.

Handsome Castors, Mugs Tea Sets
Card and Cake Baskets, Goblets, Forks and Spoons
Mustards, Salts, and Napkin Rings.

LAMPS.

Solar, Etherial, Hall, &c.

BRONZED GOODS.

Fenders, Dogs, Shovel and Tongs, Spittoons
Candlesticks, Candelabras, Hatracks, Looking Glasses.

LOOKING GLASSES.

Very large gilt frame, mahogany, and walnut
Looking Glasses, Bracket Tables.

FURNITURE.

Several handsome painted Chamber Sets, very cheap and good
Bureaus, Sofas, Extension Tables
Chairs of many patterns and shapes and material
Bedstead, Beds, Mattresses, and Feather in the bag
China, glass, stone, and crockery Ware in quantities, a large stock, well assorted, and cheap.

JAPAN WARE.

Toilet Sets, Candlesticks, Cake Boxes
Brushes, Woodware, Iron Ware
Clocks of several varieties and patterns, 30 hour and 8 day. Our stock is certainly the most complete of any kept in the District or perhaps at any other place.

We invite a call from persons in want of articles in the line of housekeeping, and we flatter ourselves they can be accommodated at our establishment promptly and at as reasonable prices for the quality as at any other place.

JOHN M. DONN & BROTHER,
Pennsylvania avenue, bet. 10th and 11th sts.

STOVES! STOVES!

JOSEPH HODGSON at his store on H, between 6th and 7th streets, a fine assortment of STOVES, TINWARE, &c. to which particular attention is called. J. H. is also prepared to execute any work in his line of business. dec 16

WRITING DESKS, Ladies Work Boxes
Gentlemen's Shaving Cases
Eight-day Clocks, a superior article
Porte Monies, Bird Cages, &c. received and for sale low at the 7th street Fancy Store, 2d below E. dec 23—31 A. LAMMOND.

SOMETHING NEW.

JUST RECEIVED—
One case of Madame Sontag Button Gaiters for Ladies
Also, Ladies' Half Gaiters
And for sale by HARRIS & GRIFFIN,
Penn. avenue, bet. 9th and 10th streets,
next door to W. Harper & Co. dec 16

BERMUDA ARROW BOOT—A very superior article, just received. W. T. EVANS.